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Bowling Green Business University

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WESTERN KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY

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BUWKY

STUDENT LITERARY AND HUMOR MAGAZINE OF WESTERN AND BUSINESS UNIVERSITY



May, 1936

Price 10 Cents

Vol. I. No. 3

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BUWKY

LAURENCE STONE

Editor-In-Chief and Business Manager

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS

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Rusty Rhythm..... Western '39
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The BUWKY
1027 State Street
Bowling Green, Ky.

Yes, I want to keep in touch with the Bowling Green Business University and Western Kentucky Teachers College. I am inclosing \$1.00 for my subscription to The BUWKY for one school year (10 issues) starting September, 1936. (To obtain the May and June issues of this year also, inclose 20c in stamps in addition).

Name _____

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IT WILL HAPPEN

He is fearfully jealous of his wife, is Si Prewitt. Strong men in their early twenties get that way, I am told. Anyhow he crashed into my office one day, face twitching from a long succession of sleepless nights. I pushed him gently into a chair.

"I'm going through hell," he said miserably. "If I could once lay my hands on the skunk, I"—He took up my desk ruler and broke it into three neat pieces.

"There, there, old man," I soothed, hastily shoving my pipe under a pile of papers, "Who is he?"

"I don't know," he confessed, kicking my desk in a passion of petulance. "I've never seen him. I'll have to admit she's too sly for me. But every night or so she writes him a note, folds it up, and slips out with it. Probably ties it to the rosebush in the back yard. God knows," groaned Si, "what goes on in the day time!"

"Well, can't you lay for him some night?"

"Don't want her to get suspicious, see? Want to get the goods on 'em, then . . ." He crashed my desk pen on the floor, with demoniac laughter. "And you've got to help!"

I protested; but—well, who wouldn't for an old pal?

Three nights later I was crouching behind Si's rosebush. He had turned in early, feigning weariness. Beneath his pillow a dollar watch snuggled up against

We Need Workers

The BUKY is always on the lookout for workers and contributors. We can use anyone who is interested in any phase of the magazine business and who intend to do a little work. If you are interested in serving in any capacity on BUKY, please see the editor at 1027 State Street or call 218. Contributors are urged to do the same.

a sawed-off shotgun. I waited, straining my eyes. At last, a faint click. The door opened, a white-robed figure wavered for a second, stooped over, retreated stealthily. I rushed forward on sneakered feet. There it was, one white corner peeping out from beneath the door mat. Breathing rapidly with excitement, I flashed my torch on the billet-doux of infamy:

"One (1) letter asking matrimonial advice from Norothy Nix."

Moral:—You cannot go wrong with "BUKY."

She: I'm afraid to go into that dark room.

He: But, dearest, I'm with you.

She: That's the trouble.

Due to a misunderstanding as to the pronunciation of the title of this magazine the "W" (from Western) has been inserted to make the name BUWKY. The BU comes from the initial letters of (B)usiness (U)niversity and the WKY from (W)estern (Ky.) Teachers College. The name was changed so as to make it clearer.

My Little Flivver

RICHARD GUNN

(Western, '39)

My little flivver is better than a girl
All you got to do is give her a twist and a twirl.
She only cost me ten dollars, but by heck,
Anyone can see she's more than a wreck.
The lights won't burn and the tires are flat,
The cushion is worn where I last sat.
She's a little bouncy when in flight
But outside of that my Flivver's all right.

"Did you tell him where to get off?"

"No—I didn't know how far he was going."

—Siren

"Guardians of Charm"

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Mending Department

NOROTHY NIX

Dear Norothy:

When I left home for college my mother warned me against all pool room antics, dark and handsome characters and such man as biology lab assistants. I heeded my mother's warning and sought company with a doctor's son. However, a biology assistant has entered into my life, and I do not know whether to encourage his company or stay with the doctor's son. What would you advise?

Ellouise Woodring

Dear E. W.:

Be they short, fat and funny,
Be they tall, dark and skinny,
Yours is the choice to make,
Dear E. W., make no mistake.
And watch that Johnny Meinschien.

Norothy Nix

Dear Norothy:

I know you personally. Please write some "dirt" about me.

John Gilman

Dear Johnny:

We'll write about you in this column at the same space rate you pay in the Scandal column.

Norothy Nix

Dear Miss Nix:

Since Jimmie Walker has graduated, and I am leaving to teach in some little place, do you suppose that we shall ever see one another again. You know he is way up in Chicago. Wondering,

Odessa Day

Dear Odessa:

I wouldn't worry, Odessa. Who knows but that the principal of the school for which you are bound will be young and handsome and will entirely relieve your mind about Mr. Walker. Who knows but that you will be Mrs. John Doe before long.

Fixingly yours,

Norothy Nix



Dear Norothy:

What does a girl do when her B. U. boy friend, who lives out of town, is graduated and goes out to make his way in the world?

Ibbe Edwards

Dear Ibbie:

Either go with Marvin Smith, or get a Western boy to amply take his place.

Norothy Nix

Dear Norry-worry:

Should I sit home and twiddle my thumbs while Coy Hibbard is gone this summer or should I give him back his ring before he goes?

Louise Wright

Dear Louise:

Don't write to me for an answer to this. You must trust your own heart.

Norry-worry

Dear Norothy Nix:

I've been informed that you will give advice and consolation on love affairs so I'm writing to you. I'm desperately in love with a pretty little Diana. I can't convince her that I really care for her and am not just stringing her along as I've done my other girls. She is leaving for Florida in a few days to spend the summer. I MUST convince her before she leaves that I really care or she'll marry a Florida millionaire and I'll die of a broken heart. Please, please help me, Norothy Nix!

Yours,

The Personality Kid

My dear Personality Kid:

I want very much to help you. The time is short until she leaves so you have little time to convince her in person just how you really feel about her. If you feel that by the time she leaves that you have not fully convinced her that your love is real you might try doing it in writing. If this does no good and you see that you are wasting your time there are many more beautiful damsels around the campus who would love to mend your broken heart. Brace up and all will work out OK.

Sincerely,

Norothy

Dear Nixy-Wixy:

I am a student at the B. U. and fervently solicit your advice. Up until the spring term I imagined myself in love with a darling little girl. She was attending Teachers College at that time. Now she is not in school but her sister is, and I believe that I am in love with her sister. How can I explain to her that it is her sister that I care for and hold the respect of the family?

Personality Kid

Dear Personality Kid:

The advice that I would first extend to you is to go SLOWLY. The affection you have for her sister may only be sisterly love and not true love. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" as the old saying goes—for somebody else. This may be true in your case. STOP seeing so much of her sister. Have a talk with your girl and after this talk I'm sure you will know whether or not it is she that you care for. If you decide that you are in love with her sister, explain your situation to her and I'm sure she will cooperate in helping you.

Norothy Nix

Little Black Mustache



(Editor's Note—The following oration was written in an Advanced Composition class and delivered at an English Club meeting. No apologies are offered for its being inserted here—it takes up space and happens to be by the editor).

Mr. President, and Fellow Wearers of the Moustache, and Unfortunate Others:

I am here tonight to talk on a subject that is figuratively next to my heart and literally at my tongue's end. (licks out tongue). My speech tonight will be about ten minutes in length, and nearly the same width. Perhaps it would be better not to mention the depth.

As an orator and public speaker I am not a success. I am saddest when I talk. So are those who hear me. They are sadder even than I am.

I remember the last time I spoke before an audience. It was a grand scene. I was standing on the platform, talking, many of the audience sleeping tranquilly in their seats; others leaving the room and not returning; others crying like children at some of the jokes—

all, all formed a most impressive scene, and showed the powers of my remarkable oratory. And, when I announced that never again would I speak to them, the applause was absolutely deafening.

Adam raised Cain, but he did not raise a moustache. He was born a man, a full grown man, and with a moustache already raised.

To paraphrase a wise old saying, "Some people are born with a moustache (e. g., bearded ladies), some people achieve a moustache, but only women have moustaches thrust upon them."

One of the saddest disillusionments of my varied career was the realization that not all people have the esthetic taste to fully appreciate a moustache. They, who maliciously and enviously declare of a wearer of the moustache, "He must have swallowed a mule and left his tail sticking out," are devoid of the higher values and nobler instincts of life.

Jacquez, in his *Seven Ages of Man*, mentions "the lover, with a woeful ballad, made to his mistress' eyebrow." Tonight epic is substituted for "ballad" because before this speech is over, it reaches epic proportions.

I once read in *Roderick Random* that a moustache is affected only by fools and dudes—and I am positive that I am not a dude.

Now to go back to Adam—you know, people are always going back to Adam. If Adam wore a moustache, he never raised it. It raised itself. It evolved out of its inner consciousness, like a primordial germ. It grew, like the weeds in his garden, in spite of him, and to torment him—but do you think Eve minded. Records fail to reveal that she did.

Tonight, Fellow Wearers of the Moustache, I am spurred by the exalted intention of relating to you the history of the moustache with its rise and fall—its ups and downs. Since my moustache is a brilliant example in this galaxy of first magnitude moustaches, it naturally follows that it will be dwelt on at considerable length—too lengthy for some, I suppose.

For reasons of humanitarianism, I will skip all the period of my life up to the time I first became conscious of a fuzzy growth on my upper lip. It was the time when the sap began to rise that I began to mope around and dolefully wonder how long it would be until I could

start shaving. "Life was only one broad sea of troubles, whose restless billows, in never-ending succession broke and beat, and doubled and dashed up the short shore line of my life at this age."

It was about this time that I slipped out Dad's best razor and experimented with the pristine growth of herbage on my youthful cheeks. The result was that I wore Dad's slipper on my jacket quite as often as Dad wore it on his foot. Now, this was all wrong, unchristian, and impolitic. It spread the slipper and discouraged me. When I read in my Sunday School lesson that "The wicked stand in slippery places," I took it as a direct personal reference. Moreover, this repeated application of the slipper not only soured my temper, but it sharpened my wits (unfortunately it didn't sharpen the razor). How many a Christian father, his eyes swimming with tears of real pain that splashed up from the depths of a loving heart, and he bent over his young shaver until his heart-rendering wails and piteous shrieks drowned dad's choking, sympathetic sobs, has been wasting his strength, and wearing out a good slipper (or razor strop), and pouring out all that priceless flood of father love and duty and pity and tender sympathy upon a concealed geography or three pairs of trousers. Personally, I have always maintained that dad had too many scruples against my using his razor. He still has them—I mean scruples.

After one or two such escapades with Dad's razor, I learned to let well enough alone, so for a time I quit shaving. But time passed on—which, as you may have noticed in a way time has, and I again felt the dawning consciousness of another great truth in human affairs. It dawned upon my deeping intelligence with the inherent strength and the unquestioned truth of a new revelation, that man's upper lip was designed by nature tenderly reserved I was when I was brooding over my momentous discovery. With what exquisite caution and delicacy were my first investigations conducted. In my microscopical re-

searches it appeared to me that the down on my upper lip was certainly more determined down, or more positive, more pronounced, more individually fuzzy than that which vegetated in neglected tenderness upon my cheeks. I made explorations along the land of promise with the tip of my tenderest finger, delicately backing up the grade the wrong way, going always against the grain, that I might the more readily detect the slightest symptom of an uprising by the first feeling of velvety resistance. And day by day I was more firmly convinced that there was on my lip the primordial germs, the protoplasm of a glory that would, in its full development, eclipse the majesty and grandeur of my first pair of long pants.

And in the first dawning consciousness that the moustache is there, and needs only to be brought out, how often did I walk down to the barber shop, gaze longingly in at the window and walk past. And how often, when I finally mustered sufficient courage to go in, and climb into the chair, and was just on the verge of huskily whispering to the barber that I would like a shave, the entrance of a man with the beard of Ulysses S. Grant, frightened away my resolution, and so I had my hair cut again—the third time that week—and it was so short already that the barber had to hold it with his teeth while he filed it off and parted it with a carpenter's square and pegging awl.

Naturally, driven from the barber's chair, I again cast longing eyes upon the ancestral shaving machinery at home. And who shall say by what means I at length, obtained possession of the paternal straight razor? (It might be well, at this point, to mention that I also came into contact with the razor strop). Dad never did find out how I got his razor—even the searching investigation that followed the paternal demand for the immediate extradition of whomever opened a tin can with his razor, was barren of results—in one way.

All that can be revealed of this major operation is that I held

the razor in my hand about a minute, wondering what to do with it, before the blade fell across my fingers and cut every one of them. (First blood drawn and claimed by the razor). Then I stopped the razor furiously, or rather, I razored the strop. I cut and slashed that passive instrument in as many directions as I could make motions with the razor. I would have cut it more if the strop had lasted longer. This was sweet revenge, anyway, on that instrument of torture. Then I nicked the razor against the side of the mug. Then I dropped it on the floor, and stepped on it and nicked it again. They were small nicks, not so large by half as a sawtooth. Then I put it in the hottest water, took it out and placed it against my cheek and raised a blister. Then I made a variety of indescribable grimaces and contortions in a frenzied effort to get up upper lip into approachable shape, and at last, the first motion I made at the embryo moustache I slashed my nose with a vicious uppercut. I gashed the corners of my mouth; wherever those nicks touched my cheek they left a scratch apiece, and I learned what a good nick is for. At last when I laid down the blood-stained weapon, my gory lips looked as if they had just come out of a long, stubborn, exciting contest with a lawn mower. But I learned to shave, after a while—just before I cut my upper lip clear off.

After a few more months of assiduous applications of hair restorer, and of every known concoction and recipe given to me by all my friends, my moustache attained the physical density, though not the color, by any means, of Egyptian darkness—it could be felt; and it was felt; very soft felt!

The world began to take notice of the new comer, and I, as generations of boys before me had done, patiently endured dark hints from other members of the family about my face being dirty. I loftly ignored my experienced father's suggestion that I should perform my tonsorial toilet with a spoonful of cream

(Continued on Page Eight)

Sing A Song At Our Expense

INSTEAD OF "SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE."

Old Pal

By RAY RUSSELL

(B. U. '36)

We all know the story of long ago,
How the Christ child lay in a manger
low.
And men came from Egypt, Greece, and
Arabia land—
(Or was it from India's coral stand?)
Anyway, they came from lands afar,
Guided thereto by a big fat star.
They came to worship and as they had
sense,
Brought gifts of gold and frankin-
cense.
Times haven't changed much since that
day long ago—
We still like our love for others to
show.
And I wanted so much at this special
time
To let you know you're a favorite of
mine.
Not that I'm knowing like those wise
old guys;
And there's too much mischief behind
your eyes
To Liken you to the Son of Man.
Still we're doing the best we can.

So I went to my dresser to take a look,
And in it I found a neat bank book.
That said in figures of red and black
Of funds in the bank there was quite
a lack
I found a string from an old shoe;
A cigarette case and a nail file too;
Two stubs from tickets for a college play;
A hanky clean and a picture of Faye;
A Testament small love letters few;
A yellow comb and a pocket knife new;
A monkey carved from a dark peach
seed;
A religious tract I'd never need;
And down in a corner, almost out of
sight,
One lone little penny so yellow and
bright.

That dear little penny be ever so brave,
Can't purchase a razor with which to
shave.
Nor candy enough to fill a box;
Nor yet a pair of nice silk sox;
Nor a kerchief made of silk so fine;
Or a tie around your neck to twine.
Or a shirt or knife or a watch or fob;
So I sat down with a sigh and a sob.
Now, some poet has said in a story of
summer,
That June may be had by the poorest
comer.
So if one hasn't a wad like a rich boot-
legger,
He has only a wick for the poorest
beggar.

There are so many things I'd wish for
you,
Such as, health and wealth and wis-
dom too;
The gift of eloquence and a life of ease;
A nature so good the crowd to please;
A charity free—a character sound,

And a flame that'll ring the world
around.
And at the end a pair of wings—
But every one else has wished those
things
Besides, there's only one wish entitled to
me.
So I've decided just what I want it to
be.
As you make your start on life's high-
way—
Whether the laurel or thorns may
crown your brow—
May you keep the same broad smile
that you have now.

The Doctor

NEIL BAXTER

(Western '36)

I'm really not a grumbler
But a thing that's hard to bear
Is a man who takes advantage
And isn't on the square.

If a man fights in the open
Without trickery and such
Even if his cause is lacking
I never blame him much.

Examples of rankest cowardice
Are happening every day
With no one to prevent it
Or to plead for more fair play.

The doctor is highly respected
In every community.
Just think of the things he does
With all impunity.

He puts me on a table
Without a chance for life
He knocks me out with ether
Then cuts me with a knife.

I say the law is prejudiced.
I'm sure you can't deny it.
Just think what would happen.
If you and I were to try it.

But they're really a necessary evil.
I suppose we must endure it
For when we get the bellyache
We get the doctor to cure it.

Professor

RICHARD GUNN

(Western, '39)

Professor, thy words are to me
Like the old baloney of yore,
That fills the air and the sea
Forty feet deep and maybe more
With lectures that are a bore.

Professor, how dummy-like I see thee
stand,
The age-old textbook in thy hand,
A look of self-satisfaction on thy face
That even God cannot erase.
But I will take a chance with thee,
In hopes that I might make a "C."

Some Men

By RUSTY RHYTHM

What makes Men so conceited
That if they're defeated—
They simply can't take it at all?
If a handsome hero
Doth capture his shero—
He hardly can rise from the fall.
He'd just love to skin her,
And still he must win her—
For thus is his little heart bent.
So growing insaner,
He strives to regain her,
A' feelin' his time is well spent,
He can't see another,
Nay, nobody other—
Than she who's been stolen away.
Growing sadder and bolder
He'll use any shoulder—
To cry on throughout the dark day.
But in case the vile villian
Becomes strangely willin'
To give back his fair little sprite,
Why, stranger than fiction,
No longer, there's friction,
He leaps for the next one in sight

B. U. Playboys

SCOTTY

(B. U. '38)

John Gillman is the fellow
The gals are wild about;
Fred Herman is the boy
They couldn't live without.

Jimmie Sledge is the dancer,
Lester Hurt is the busy man;
And who is Charley White?
Why a friend to every man.

Why of course we all know Radcliff,
Flash is his name;
Allen Altman is the boy
Who is bound to win fame.

Louis Cochran, handsome and gay,
Has no love for Ford coupes;
The dancing fool Hugh Wilson
Has a smile just like a light.

Oh! I could name far into the night
About the lads I know
Who attend the B. G. B. U.
But I guess I had better go.
Yes I'd better say good-by
Good-by good-luck to you;
Though I'm not going anywhere
To you I'll say adieu.

Retribution

SANDRA

(Western, '36)

O' Johnny Guff
He knows his stuff.
He courts the Prexy's daughter.
And he won't flunk
When we are sunk.
At least he hadn't oughter.

THE WESTERNUNGENLIED

"A Norwegian Epic from the Portugese"

And the first grey of morning showed the sun
A firey orb announcing to the world,
"The day's begun!"
And soon thru clouds of mist appeared a hill,
A wondrous hill, steep sloped, in fact a lil
Of a hill, as hills do go, and all the gods
And goddesses, and demi-gods, they were amazed
To see a hill e'en higher than Olympus hill.
'Twas fit to kill to see Penelope
And Aphrodite, Theseus, Athena,
And all the rest gaze at the higher hill
In rage. Soon arose Theseus, and he spoke:
"What hill is that that dares to rise above Olympus?"
Dis is a fine how de do—a pretty business! ! !
Dey got a lot of noive, a lot of crust, by golly,
E'en on Olympus we don't have a trolley!
What kind of people live on yonder hill?
What do they do, what are their habits, are they demi-gods
Or monsters that live there? Answer me Pulease ! ! ?"
Athena rose, shook her head as she said:
"Why not ask Achilles, Mayhaps Ach will know."
Theseus clapped his hands and said,
"Okay, baby! Be it so!"
So they sent for Achilles, who came though 'twas late,
Took one look at the hill and said,
"That's Western State."
"Western State!" cried old Theseus with great consternation,
"Do you mean one of those institutions for higher education?"
"You bet!" answered Ach, "and I'll tell you a lot
Of the life on the Hilltop. A fine tale I've got!"
"Tell us, tell us," the gods cried, "Don't wait,
Tell us of deeds and of people at Old Western State!"
"I don't know how to tell it, I can't think what would be better"
Said Achills, "than to tell the tale, letter by letter."
W—is for Wesern, and also for West,
'Cause they all think that in movies, Mae's acting is best.
Though they hear it in prose and they hear it in rhyme,
They can't fit enough of "Come on up some time!"
E—is for Employment in FERA
Where students must labor to receive their pay.
The PWA, and the NYA, are they the berries!
Say! Every instructor has six secretaries.
And sidewalks of cement just spring up over night.
By golly this FERA's sure all right
S—is for switchboard where marvelous beauties
Keep busy performing their various duties
Just ask for the barracks and I'll bet a dime
They'll give you the heating plant almost every time.
T—is of course, for the faculty teas,

Where students wander in whenever they please,
You balance a plate, and you balance a cup,
Nobody sits down, so you have to stand up.
I always ambitiously manage to hope
They'll one day serve sandwiches one will be able to see with the naked eye—without the aid of a microscope.
E—is for Education, who gives us the dope
About this thing called teaching. It leads us to hope
That if we will keep ourselves looking as able
As Maureen O'Sullivan, or as fine as Clark Gable,
We may land positions. So here is your chance.
Girls, keep looking tidy. Boys, keep pressing your pants!
R—is for Russia, the land of the Reds,
Where —emperors flourished—and then lost their heads.
Bill Juett and John Juett, as most of you hear,
Discuss Bolshevism ten thousand times a year,
With movies, and close-ups, they make it appear
That living is pleasanter right over here.
N—is for naturalist, those who hunt flies.
Who watch all the birdies with dilligent eyes.
They know all the trees, and they know every vine;
There isn't one flower that they couldn't find.
They know every cactus; they know every weed
But do they know this? What is a cara-way seed ? ?
S—is this time for Spoonholder and how!
If you come in at one after ten, you'll have started a row.
You'll learn lots about courting which won't do no harm,
And you'll learn how to manage a well-kept-up farm.
You'll learn about love, which will be just great,
But, if you want to stay healthy,
DO NOT COME IN LATE ! ! !
T—is for team which is in there to fight
Who retire at 9:00—well, MOST every night.
The co-eds all coax them to stay out till dark,
To go out to dances or to sit in the park,
But the huskies say, "No madame, coax me no more.
And then hurry on home, for to sleep and to snore.
A—is for angel robes for health examinations,
When students are tested for all complications.
They poke you, choke you, and weigh you, until,
If you weren't before—Gee, now you ARE ill!
T—is for teachers, the molders of minds,
To make up a system, you need many kinds.
There are gruff ones, and tough ones and sweet ones, and sour;
Some who keep their classes over the hour;
There are lean ones, and mean ones, and old ones and young,

Some deserve golden medals; some ought to be hung.
Don't argue with teachers, and watch what you say
'Cause if you don't mend your ways, you may be one some day.
E—is for efficiency of our registrar;
To meet his equal, you will have to go far.
He schedules the meetings, and deals out the rooms.
He okeys the dustmops and also the brooms.
The Supreme Court threw out the whole
Because we forgot to get Mr. Canon's Okay!

Apologies and Courtesy of Kalama-zoo, Mich., Teachers College Herald.

How To Make Money

Said the youthful poet to the hard-boiled editor: "I understand Kipling is paid a dollar a word for his poetry. Now, you don't pay me any such price for my poetry."

The editor replied: "I can hardly afford to pay you a dollar a word for your poetry, but I will pay you a dollar for a short poem."

So the poet departed, only to return the next day with the following poem:

John
Yearns,
Jane
Turns,
Eyes
Meet;
Love
Sweet;
Jane
Stops;
John
Pops.
Both
Wed;
'Nough
Said.
John
Mad,
Jane
Sad,
Both
Fight,
Sad
Sight;
Whole
Week
Won't
Speak.
Re—
Course
Di—
Vorce.

"You win," said the editor.—Selected.

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**THOMAS FRAZIER
JAMES FLEMING**

LITTLE BLACK MOUSTACHE

(Continued from Page Five)

applied on my face and the family cat to lick it off. When my sister, in officious ignorance, inquired, "what have you on your lip," I was dignified, as becomes a man annoyed by the frivolous small talk of women. But the moustache grew. It came on, very short in the middle, very long at the ends, very blond all around. Whenever you see a moustache, do not laugh at it; do not point at it the slow, unmoving finger of scorn. Encourage it, speak kindly of it, affect admiration for it—coax it along—pray for it. A moustache always comes that way!

And when in the fullness of time, my moustache developed so far that it could be pulled, there was all the agony of making it take color. The sun that tanned my cheeks and blistered my nose, only bleached my moustache. Nothing hastened its color; nothing did it any permanent good—nothing but patience, and faith and persistent pulling.

A moustache is not an absolutely necessity for success, for once I met a man without a hair on his upper lip, who could play a bass drum better than anyone I ever knew; yet a moustache is a thing of beauty, and a "thing of beauty is a joy forever," so, we, the Gentlemen of the Moustache, complacently contemplate the "joy forever" which is to be ours and feel only contempt for the scorners.

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Joe H. Rust
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